

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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THE GRANT MEMORIAL

This Memorial to General Ulysses S. Grant is located near the Capitol in Washington, D.C., and will be formally dedicated on April 27th, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. The statue will be unveiled by his great-grand-daughters, Princess Ida Cantacuzene and Miss Edith Grant.

A Man that was Born a Hundred Years Ago.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

WHAT are you reading, Uncle Jim?" demanded Mary, flying into the library and seating herself upon the arm of her uncle's chair. "You look as if you were awfully interested,—doesn't he, Jack? Do please tell us *all* about it."

"I'm reading," answered Uncle Jim, with a smile, "about a man that was born a hundred years ago this month; a man who did enough for this country so that we're going to celebrate what is called his centenary. He was born on the 27th of April, 1822, out in the State of Ohio, and he was named Hiram—can you guess the rest?"

Mary shook her head. "I never heard of any Hiram," she said, "except Hiram, King of Tyre, and he wasn't born in Ohio. We never heard of this one, did we, Jack?"

"Oh, yes, you have," retorted Uncle Jim. "Or else that school of yours isn't nearly as good as I think. I'll go on and tell you some more, and we'll see if you can guess. When he was a little boy, they say that one day his father fired off a gun right at his ear to see how much nerve he had. And he turned right

around, and clapped his hands, and said: "Do it aden! Do it aden!"

"Good for him!" cried Jack. "I like that youngster. Tell us some more about little Hiram."

"Well he was so fond of horses and such a good rider that when he was only ten years old his father let him go and buy a horse for himself from a shrewd old farmer, telling him just how he was to manage the purchase. But unfortunately the first question the old man asked was, 'How much did your father say you could pay?' And the boy was so truthful that the whole story came right out; 'He told me to offer you twenty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, twenty-two dollars-and-a-half, and if that wouldn't do, twenty-five, but not a cent more.'

"How queer!" said the old farmer, with a twinkle in his eye. "Because that colt will cost you just twenty-five dollars. Not a cent less."

"He was about as truthful as George Washington, wasn't he?" said Jack. "Someway I like that boy a lot, don't you, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary, "I do, but he wasn't a very good business man, was he, Uncle Jim?"

"Not very," smiled Uncle Jim. "But then, it isn't because he was a good business man that we celebrate his birthday.

When he was about seventeen years old he went to West Point."

"Oh, then he was a general!" cried Mary. "Jack, quick, can't you think? What general was named Hiram?"

"When he got to West Point," smiled Uncle Jim, "he found that his name was changed. A boy you know gets his appointment to West Point through a Congressman, and this Congressman hadn't happened to get the name just right. Instead of entering him as Hiram Ulysses"—

"Ulysses!" screamed Jack and Mary in chorus. "Was it General Grant?"

"Yes. The Congressman knew that his mother's name had been Simpson, and so he guessed at the boy's name. At home he was known not as Hiram, but as 'Lysse,' so the man entered him as Ulysses Simpson Grant—and that, queerly enough, is the way that he goes down to history."

"Except when it's United States or Unconditional Surrender Grant," corrected Jack, proud to show that he knew something about the famous man. "Were those his nicknames in West Point, Uncle Jim?"

"United States was, but Unconditional Surrender came later. Can't you people tell me when that was?"

"It was one time in the Civil War—I know that much, anyhow," said Mary. "Did he go right into the Civil War when he came out of West Point?" Our history book doesn't tell."

Uncle Jim smiled. "Maybe it wants you to use a little arithmetic," he suggested. "Grant graduated from West Point in 1843. But he was in the Mexican War,—and there's a story about that which will interest you youngsters. He fought under the famous Zachary Taylor, and one day when there was a hot fight in the streets of Monterey the Americans needed ammunition, and young Grant volunteered to ride to headquarters and get it. Rifles were blazing away from every house-top, as well as in all the streets, so he threw himself on his horse as if he were a Wild West rider, just slung alongside, with one heel in the hind-bow of the saddle and one hand in the horse's mane. Then he lashed his horse into a gallop and dashed down the streets, out through the city gates, over some embankments that had been thrown up, and so, off and away to his destination."

"Good for him!" cried Jack. "My, but I'd like to have seen him! Wouldn't you, Mary?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Mary, with shining eyes. "O Uncle Jim, you make him seem so real. He was—oh, you know!—just a general before."

"I do know exactly," smiled Uncle Jim. "And so I'm going to tell you a story that made him seem very 'real,' as you call

it, to me. This happened years later when he was just a colonel in the Civil War, and he tells about it in his biography. He was guarding a railroad bridge out in Northern Missouri, and he had been ordered to hunt out a certain troop of Southern cavalry which was always making trouble, and drive them away. The leader of this troop had a very great reputation, and Grant admits that he was rather scared as he led his men up the hill, beyond which lay the enemy camp. "But he kept right on, just the same, and when he got to the top of the hill, what do you suppose he saw? Not a single one of the dreaded troopers—but just the embers of their camp-fire! They had run away during the night! He says that he learned a great lesson then,—that it helps a man to get over his fears when he is going into a fight to remember that the other fellows may be feeling dizzy too. A thing which is true about a good many other things besides fights, too.

"And I mustn't forget to tell you a funny thing about that same camp. Your favorite Mark Twain happened to be one of the troopers that ran away, for he was in the Confederate Army at that time; and he used to tell how they got together when they heard about Grant and the 'immense force' which he was leading, and tried to decide which way to go. Finally an old sergeant said: 'What's the use of talking so much? Any route's good so it don't go in the direction of the Yanks.' And they all agreed."

"How funny!" laughed Mary. "One of them scared to pieces on one side of that hill, and one on the other! But it was General Grant and his men that rode ahead while the others ran away. And that's bravest of all, isn't it—to ride ahead when you are afraid?"

"It is," agreed Uncle Jim, with a smile. "I'm glad you appreciate that. And now we are coming to that part of Grant's life which your history probably tells you all about, so I will stop. Only I want you to remember this, that while he said several famous things,—'No terms but unconditional surrender' at Fort Donelson; and 'I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer'!—the very best of all was:

"*Let us have peace!*"

The Organ-Grinder's Monkey.

THE funny, furry little chap,
His coat is red an' so's his cap;
He gathers pennies where he can
And gives 'em to the Organ Man.

He isn't wild, but nice and tame;
And father says perhaps he came
From Africa or Zanzibar,
Where crocodiles and lions are.

Or else Brazil or Borneo,
Where cocoanuts and plantains grow.
But still you can't be sure, you see,
So when he blinks his eyes at me

And stands upon his little legs
And lifts his little cap and begs,
I always give him something, since
He might be an Enchanted Prince!

—Arthur Guiterman.

In The Tree Top.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"AUNT NELL! Aunt Nell! just look, see what I found." A red and a breathless little boy staggered into the kitchen with a heavy puppy in his arms.

"I had to stay after school for my examples, and when I was coming home alone I found him. He can't walk for his leg is hurt. I guess some big boy hit him with a stone." Tom bent anxiously over the little dog to see how badly he was hurt.

"Well," said Aunt Nell, "you just take him along to Marshalls. They've got seven dogs now, and they'll find a home for that one for you. I don't care what you do with him, only don't let me see him again."

"Oh, Aunt Nell, can't I keep him? I'll take care of him all myself," pleaded Tom.

"Keep a dog, with a lame leg, good gracious no! I have all I can do now without taking care of a sick puppy. Besides there is no one to leave him with all day long while you're at school. I've all that I can do now, to do the house work and help the neighbors with their spring cleaning. Besides I should have to take care of it. You wouldn't remember to feed it half the time."

Tom knew that it was no use to tease, so he stole off to the porch with the little dog tight in his arms. Aunt Nell was good to Tom, but she was often so hurried and busy trying to earn the money to support them both, that Tom often felt lonely.

"I'll put a bandage on your leg before you go anyhow," and with kind, clumsy fingers he washed the hurt foot and bandaged it as carefully as he knew how, while the puppy whined and whimpered with pain. Then Tom found a bone in the kitchen and the puppy eagerly gnawed at it, and drank a saucer of milk.

Then Tom sat down again on the steps with the puppy cuddled close. Aunt Nell came out of the house with a little basket in her hand. "I'm going down to the store for some eggs, and when I get back I don't want to see that dog around here. I don't care what you do with it, but I don't want to find it here when I get back."

When Aunt Nell went to the store she always was gone a half-hour or more, so that Tom knew that he need not hurry to take his pet over to Marshall's farm.

"Oh, dear, I just can't give you up," he said to the little soft bunch of fur cuddled in his arms. A little pink tongue flashed out as though to answer him. "I wish I could hide you somewhere in the house, but there isn't any place for you to hide. You'd cry and bark, and Aunt Nell would find you." As Tom sat there with the puppy, he looked over to the pasture oak which stood all by itself in a great field in front of the cottage. Two blue jays were now quarreling in its branches. As he watched the clouds sailing over the great tree, an idea flashed into his mind.

"The pasture oak, just the thing," he thought. He put down the puppy and ran out into the shed, where lay an old clothes-basket with no handles and a broken side. He dragged it across the field to the oak-tree, and then ran back

for his dog. The old pasture oak was a huge tree, standing alone in the middle of the wide pasture, spreading wide arms to shelter all the birds and squirrels that needed its protection.

Tom climbed to a branch that was not too high from the ground, and fastened securely the old broken clothes-basket in a fork of the tree. He tied the basket in place securely with a piece of old rope, and then ran back to the house for an old piece of carpeting to put in the bottom of the basket. Then he ran back again for his pet, and tried to climb with him in his arms. It wasn't easy to climb a tree with a squirming, wiggling puppy in your arms, so he finally buttoned the puppy inside his coat and climbed to the limb where the basket was tied, and lifted him carefully into his nest.

"There, Rover," he said as he covered him with the end of the carpet, "Aunt Nell can't see you or hear you, you won't be cold, and you can't climb out, and I don't believe any one will look for a puppy in a treetop, so the big boys in Ranger's gang can't hurt you again." Tom looked back to the tree after he slid to the ground, and sure enough, the leaves safely hid the strange nest from sight.

Tom hurried home to his supper. "Did you take that dog off the place?" asked Aunt Nell, and Tom was glad to say truthfully, "Yes," for the pasture oak was certainly off the place and out of sight and sound of Aunt Nell.

Next morning, even before Tom had his breakfast, he hurried over to the tree to see how his pet had fared. He climbed to the basket, and sure enough, there was Rover, cuddled soft and warm under his blanket of carpeting. He looked up with soft brown eyes to the tousled head peering over the edge of the basket at him.

"I found another bone for you, and after breakfast I'll bring you some water," he said to the puppy. Sure enough, after breakfast Tom appeared with a pan of water, a good part of which he had spilled on his shoes. He lifted his pet down and waited for him to lap up most of it before he took him again to his basket.

For the next two weeks Tom was certainly busy feeding his puppy and trying to do it when Aunt Nell was away. He heard her say to old Mrs. Holden:

"I don't see why Tom has taken to playing over under the pasture oak so much. Anyhow, he can't get into mischief there."

And Tom laughed all by himself as he heard that.

It was hard to get food for Rover without Aunt Nell's knowledge, but Tom managed it, so that not once did Rover go a day without his food and water.

Tom went into the butcher's to do errands once in a while, and he surprised Mr. Adams by saying, "I'd rather have some meat for my dog than money," when Mr. Adams offered him some change for his pay. He traded an old knife for some puppy biscuit that Ned Marshall had for his dog, and he so managed that not once did Rover really go hungry in his nest in the pasture oak.

At the end of two weeks the little dog's leg was well and he was able to walk. He grew too restless to stay safely in the branches of the old tree any longer. Tom

took him down to play tag with him on Saturday morning, and in his fun he forgot to keep still. He and Rover ran about the field, running and playing together as boys and dogs love to do. Suddenly he saw Aunt Nell coming across the pasture to him.

"Tom, I want you to go down to the store for some butter right away, and I guess you can take your puppy with you. To-night you can put the dog in the shed if you want to, and if you will take as good care of him there as you have in the tree you may keep him."

Tom ran off with Rover at his heels, wondering how it was that Aunt Nell always found out everything, and with a heart full of joy to think that Rover was to be his own little dog after all.

To a Humming-bird.

BY AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN.

HAPPY, happy humming-bird, humming mid the honeysuckles, Buccaneer of golden treasure, rover of the air, I have heard thy boomerang in the summer's drowsy nooning, And longed to fly away with thee, away from moil and care.

All thy flight is music, and thy presence is enchantment!

Mystery of mysteries, the wood's own secret thou!

Thou art light and airy as a woodland sprite or fairy;

Like a hall enchanted is thy native forest bough!

Spirit of the sylvan deeps, the holy, untrod places,

Whence the soul of man, baptized, emerges pure and strong,

Teach me for my freeing, half the secret of thy being,

And my youth shall be immortal, and my toil a song!

The Four Mothers of the Dew-Drop.

BY ETHEL C. PIERCE.

"O MOTHER, come to the window, quick!" exclaimed little Bobby Benton, one cold morning in April.

"What is it?" asked his mother, hastily dropping the grapefruit she was preparing for breakfast.

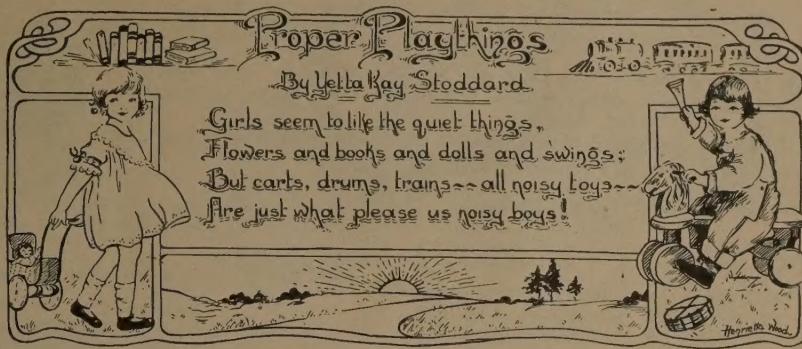
"See," said Bobby, pointing out of the window at the plum-tree, which was glittering in the morning sunshine. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Very, darling," returned his mother, kissing the top of the curly head.

"Look, some of them are dancing as if they were alive! And look at that big one out there on the highest limb, above all the rest! Oh-h-h!" Bobby's voice trailed off in a note of admiration, as over the top of the stable roof the rays of the morning sun fell now fully upon the plum-tree, transforming it into a flame of brilliant gems.

"Oh, wait a minute," as his mother started back; "some of them are turning to gold, and that big one is every color! Look down there! That one is little, but it is as bright as a firefly is in summer when it is all dark!"

With a sigh, a few moments later, Bobby left the window at the call to go



to breakfast. When, a few moments later, he came back, he gave an exclamation of dismay. "O Mother, they are all going!"

Drip, drip fell the dewdrops off the plum-tree onto the ground below. "There goes the big one, and pretty little Firefly! Isn't it too bad they are all lost?"

"But they aren't lost, dear." His mother placed her hand caressingly on the little head.

"They are most all gone now!" Bobby turned away from the window. "The tree looked so pretty, too! Horrid old sun!"

"You mustn't talk like that, dear; maybe the dewdrops were shivering with the cold; maybe they wanted to fall to the ground!"

"And be lost for ever and ever?"

"Lost?" his mother shook her head. "Nothing in the great outdoors is ever lost, not even a dewdrop!"

"Nothing?" asked Bobby, doubtfully.

"Nothing can get lost even if it tries, for everything, even the dewdrops, has four mothers to look after it!"

"Four mothers!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Yes," said his mother, again, "everything has four mothers: Mother Earth, Mother Air, Mother Fire, Mother Water! The dewdrops' special mother is Mother Water."

"What is the rest of it?" asked Bobby, as his mother stopped a moment.

"Last night," his mother continued, "Mother Air changed, by its cold embrace, the dewdrops into gleaming diamonds. This morning, Mother Fire traveling millions of miles warmed the little dewdrops in her hands until now they are falling from the tree into the lap of Mother Earth."

"Yes," encouraged Bobby.

"And even now," continued his mother, "some of your little dewdrops are cuddling lovingly around the cold, thirsty roots of the grass that are asking for food and drink, so that in a month from now we can have a nice green velvet carpet under the old plum-tree."

"There goes pretty Firefly!" exclaimed Bobby, looking out the window again.

"Yes; can't you imagine how the Roots are saying: 'If here isn't little Firefly! How do you do, dear? We are ever so glad to see you!'"

"Everything out of doors has four mothers," Bobby repeated, as if trying to learn a lesson.

"Yes, everything," said his mother.

"But why, when I have only one?"

"With the whole big world to play in,

how do you suppose one mother could keep track of so many children!"

"That is so," said Bobby; "but a dewdrop is such a little thing, and the world is so very big, Mother!"

"Just the same, dearie, the Four Mothers never lose even the tiniest of their children, remember that!"

During the summer Bobby thought a great many times of what his mother told him that morning in April. One day in the fall when he was out under the plum-tree, peering up to see if the plums were going to turn red soon,—he was fond of plums,—his eye was caught by a familiar gleam from the heart of the little purple blossom of the Jill-run-over-the-ground. It was Firefly! There was no mistaking it! From faintest gold to deepest amber it glittered in the morning sun!

"Its Four Mothers did keep it," he told his mother later in the day. And the thought made him very happy, for some way he felt that the Four Mothers of the dewdrops would look out for him, too, when he was playing out-of-doors and his own mother was busy about her work in the house!

Odd Minutes.

BY ELLEN C. LLORAS.

"WHY are they odd minutes?" Lorene wanted to know.

"Because you put such odd things into them," teased her older brother.

"But I want to know," insisted Lorene.

"Well, what does the dictionary say 'odd' means?" questioned Uncle Dick, and with his small niece looked up the word and its various meanings. These they finally confined to the two general ideas of 'not even' and 'peculiar.'

"Oh, they're odd minutes," laughed Lorene, "just because they're the little slices of time left over after all the regular things we plan to do are done. The time didn't come out even, and that's the little piece left."

"Yes," agreed Uncle Dick, "and that's the thing that makes them peculiar too. All the rest of the time has something of its own that has to be done, but these little odd minutes are ready for anything we want to do with them."

"We used this odd minute finding out what odd minutes are," chuckled the small girl. "And I have another one right now before I practice. I believe I'll use it taking that pretty rose to grandmother's room." So away she skipped with another odd minute made thoroughly worth while.



THE BEACON CLUB

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

172 VERONICA PLACE,
FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck.—I have belonged to the Fourth Unitarian Church since September of last year. I like it very much.

Mr. Springer is our minister and Mrs. Woods is treasurer, and I am very fond of both. I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

I am twelve years old. I am in the fourth grade in Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday; that is the reason I have a desire to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN FERGUSON.

396 HIGH STREET,
CLINTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck.—I would like to join the Beacon Club, and wear a Beacon pin. I am eleven years old, and I go to the Unitarian church. My teacher is Mrs. Duncan, and our superintendent is Mr. Harold French. Mr. Duncan is our minister. There are five girls in our class, and it is called The Wide-Awake Class. I have three brothers and eight sisters. Another little girl in my class will write soon.

I am very truly yours,
NINA GÜTMAN.

"MEADOWBROOKE FARM,"
CARLISLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck.—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club, and wear its button.

Church School News.

THE First Unitarian Church school at Salt Lake City, Utah, started the year in September with an enrollment of twenty-five pupils and four teachers. In January the number had increased to forty-two pupils and nine teachers. The school has also a very promising Cradle Roll.

The Primary Department of the church school of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society in Taunton, Mass., is in charge of Miss Alice S. Emery, the parish worker of the church. There are four classes in the Primary Department and nine in the main school. The minister, F. Raymond Sturtevant, teaches one of the classes. There is a musical director who conducts the singing. The school has recently purchased a moving-picture machine and is using it at least once a month in the session of the school, showing a Biblical or instructive play. It is also used on the festival Sundays.

The Sunday-school of the First Church of Christ (Unitarian) in Groton, Mass., has increased by ten new members this year.

The church school of the First Unitarian Church in Buffalo, N.Y., hopes for good results from an advertisement of the school which runs each week in three of the city papers.

In Atlanta, Ga., the Liberal Christian Church is composed of both Unitarians and Universalists. The school of the church has sixty pupils enrolled in six classes.



RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LVI.

MORE SPRING FLOWERS.

1.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 7, 5, 3, is a man's title.
My 6, 8, 1, gives us light every day.
My 9, 4, 2, 1, is to look over.

2.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 9, 4, 3, means also.
My 8, 2, 5, is not new.
My 6, 7, 1, is to steal.

3.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 7, 4, 3, is a head covering.
My 1, 6, 5, means to strike.
My 5, 2, 8, is a beverage.

D. H.

A TREE PUZZLE.

What tree is so sad its branches hang low?
What tree is for rain as well as for snow?
What tree is so straight it's always in line?
What tree expresses a complexion fine?
What tree is the father of all other trees?
What tree is so lonely it sighs with each

breeze?

What tree has a bark that is worse than its bite?

What tree gives assurance that things are all right?

What tree is quite stale but bears a fine burr?

What tree, handed to you, is counted a slur?

What tree makes nice muffs for My Lady Fair?

What tree gives us fans to cool the warm air?

Firelight.

TWISTED BIRDS.

1. Tnuahitc.
2. Dre-gduwei Kbearlibd.
3. Ekracic.
4. Wco Dibr.
5. Rhewarl.
6. Narb Aolwsyl.
7. Oleylw-aetbsdare Athc.
8. Ciglohdnf.
9. Fkhegnisir.
10. Kblibno.

EDITH B. PAIGE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LII.—Washington's Birthday.

ENIGMA LIII.—Alice in Wonderland.

HIDDEN AUTOMOBILES.—1. Ford. 2. Dodge. 3. Cole. 4. Paige. 5. Maxwell. 6. Velie. 7. Hudson. 8. Oakland.

WORD SQUARES.—SALT ARID
AREA RODE
LESS IDEA
TASK DEAR

RIDDLE.—A bag.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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Our Friend of Khasi Hills.

MANY of our readers will be saddened to learn of the death of Ruby Singh, our young friend of Khasi Hills, India, to whom letters have been sent by several of our Beacon Club girls. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Singh who has been sadly afflicted in the loss of Ruby and of a married daughter at about the same time.